

Lady's Dressing-Room.

A

POEM.

By \* \* \* \* \*



The Second EDITION.

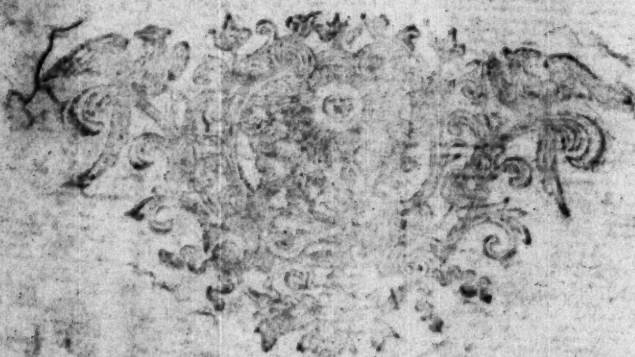
LONDON, Printed, and DUBLIN,  
Reprinted, in the Year 1732.

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# THE LADY'S Dressing-Room, &c.

**F**IVE Hours, and who can do it less in ?  
By haughty *Celia* spent in Dressing ;  
The Goddess from her Chamber issues  
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues.

*Strephon*, who found the Room was void,  
And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,  
Stole in, and took a strict Survey  
Of all the Litter, as it lay,  
Whereof to make the Matter clear  
An Inventory follows here :

And first a dirty Smock appear'd,  
Beneath the Armpits well besmear'd,  
*Strephon* the Rogue display'd it wide,  
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side,



On such a Point, few Words are best,  
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest,  
 But swears how damnably the Men lye,  
 In calling *Cælia* sweet and cleanly;

Now listen while he next produces,  
 The various Combs for various Uses,  
 Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,  
 No Brush cou'd force a Way betwixt.  
 A Paste of Composition rare,  
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;  
 A Forehead Cloath with Oyl upon't,  
 To smooth the Wrinkles on her Front;  
 Here Allum Flower to stop the Steams;  
 Exhal'd from four unfavoury Streams,  
 There Night Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,  
 The Bitch bequeath'd her when she dy'd,  
 With Puppy Water, Beauties help,  
 Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.  
 Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,  
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste,  
 Some with Pomatums, Paints and Slops,  
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.  
 Hard by a filthy Bason stands,  
 Fowl'd with the scow'ring of her Hands,  
 The Bason takes whatever comes,  
 The scraping from her Teeth and Gums,  
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,  
 here she Spits, and here she Spues,

But

But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,  
 When he beheld and smelt the Towels,  
 Begumm'd, bematter'd and beslim'd,  
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.  
 No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes;  
 Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps,  
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,  
 All varnish'd o're with Snuff and Snot,  
 The Stockings why should I expose,  
 Stain'd with the Marks of stinking Toes,  
 Or greasy Coifs and Pinner's reeking,  
 Which *Cælia* slept at least a Week in:  
 A pair of Tweezers next he found,  
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,  
 Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,  
 Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.  
 The virtues we must not let pass  
 Of *Cælia's* magnifying Glass,  
 When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,  
 It shew'd the Village of a Gyant,  
 A Glass that can to Sight disclose,  
 The smallest Worm in *Cælia's* Nose,  
 And faithfully direct her Nail,  
 To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;  
 For catch it nicely by the Head,  
 It must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest,  
 And must you needs describe the Chest,

Tha

That careless Wench ! no Creature warn her,  
 To move it out from yonder Corner.  
 But leave it standing full in Sight,  
 For you to exercise your Spight;  
 In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,  
 With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,  
 To make it seem in this Disguise,  
 A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,  
 Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,  
 Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin,  
 He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,  
 He smelt it all the Time before,  
 As from within Pandora's Box,  
 When Epimetheus op'd the Locks,  
 A sudden universal Crew,  
 Of human Evils upwards flew,  
 Still was comforted to find,  
 Hope at last remain'd behind:  
 Strephon lifting up the Lid,  
 View what in the Chest was hid,  
 Vapours flew from up the Vent,  
 Strephon cautious, never meant  
 To stoop to the bottom of the Pan to grope,  
 And foul his Hands in Search of Hope.  
 Never may such vile Machine  
 Once in Calia's Chamber seen,  
 May she better learn to keep,  
 Those Secrets of the hoary Deep,

As



As Mutton-Cutletts, prime of Meat,  
 Which tho' with Art you salt and beat,  
 As Laws of Cookery require,  
 And toast them at the clearest Fire;  
 If from a-down the hopeful Chops,  
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,  
 To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,  
 Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came;  
 And up exhales a greater Stench,  
 For which you curse the careless Wench;  
 So things which must not be express'd,  
 When drop'd into the reeking Chest,  
 Send up an excremental Smell,  
 To taint the Part from whence they sell;  
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,  
 Which waft a Stink round every Room:  
 Thus finishing his grand Survey,  
 Disgusted Strephon sunk away,  
 Repeating in his Amorous Fits,  
 Oh! *Calia, Calia, Calia*—

But Vengeance, Goddess, never sleeping,  
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping.  
 His foul Imagination links  
 Each Dame he sees, with all her Stinks,  
 And if unfavoury Odours fly,  
 Conceive a Lady standing by.

All Women his Description fits,  
 And both Ideas jump like Wits,  
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in Contrast,  
 I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind  
 To all the Charms of Female Kind.

Should I the Queen of Love refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?  
 To him that looks behind the Scene,  
*Statira's* but some pocky Quean,  
 When *Calia* in her Glory shews,  
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,  
 Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams,  
 Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,  
 With which he makes so foul a Rout,  
 He soon would learn to think like me,  
 And blest his ravish'd Sight to see  
 Such Order from Confusion sprung,  
 Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.

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